My words would bandy her to my sweet Love,
And his to me, but old folkes many faine as they were dead,
Unweildy, slow, heavie, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse.

O God she comes: O honey Nurse what newes?
Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter stay at the gate.

Jul. Now good sweet Nurse, O Lord why look'st thou sad?
Though newes be sad, yet tell them merrily.
If good, thou sham'st the Musicke of sweet newes,
By playing it to me with so sowre a face.

Nurse. I am weary, give me leave a while,
Fye how my bones ake, what a jaunt have I had?

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come, I pray thee speake, good, good Nurse speake.

Nurse. Jesu what haste? can you not stay a while?
Doe you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou do'st make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou do'st excuse.
Is thy newes good or bad? answere to that,
Say either, and I'le stay the circumstance,
Let me be satisfi'd, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice, you know not how to choose a man: *Romeo*, no not he, though his face be better than any mans, yet his legge excels all mens, and for a hand and a foot and body, though they be not to be talkt on, yet they are past compare: hee is not the flower of curtesie, but Ile warrant him as gentle as a Lambe: goe thy waies wench, serve God. What? have you din'd at home?

Jul. No, no, but all this did I know before,
What sayes he of our marriage? what of that?

Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My backe a tother side, ah my backe, my backe,
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,

To catch my death with jaunting up and downe.

Jul. Ifaith I am sorry that thou art not well:
Sweet, sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me what saies my Love?

Nur. Your love sayes like an honest Gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kinde, and a handsome,
And I warrant a vertuous: where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother? why she is within, where should she be?
How odly thou repliest,
Your Love sayes like an honest Gentleman.
Where is your Mother?

Nurse. O Gods Lady deare,
Are you so hot? marry come up I trow,
Is this the poultis for my aking bones?
Hence-forward doe your messages your selfe.

Jul. Here's such a coile, come, what saies *Romeo*?

Nur. Have you got leave to goe to shrift to day?

Jul. I have.

Nur. Then hie you hence to Frier *Laurence* Cell,
There stayes a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheekes,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any newes:
Hie you to Church, I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climbe a birds nest soone when it is darke.
I am the drudge, and toile in your delight,
But you shall beare the burden soone at night.
Goe, Ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune, honest Nurse farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy Act,
That after houres with sorrow chide us not.

Rom. Amen, Amen: but come, what sorrow can,
It cannot countervaile the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Doe thou but close our hands with holy words,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22326) LONDON, 1637 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.58) Octavo